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# The Cuckold Drover

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## THE CUCKOLD DROVER, OR THE MERCHANT DONE OVER.

COME all you lads and lasses gay come listen to my song,  
I'll sing you of a funny ditty before it is long,  
It's of a London drover he drove to London town,  
And he had a hand-ome wife as ever the sun shone on.  
It's of a rich young merchant he often took a country ride,  
To sport with young women for that was all his pride;  
As he was a riding one evening on the road,  
He met with the drover's wife down by a shady grove.  
He stop'd his horse ay and thus to her did say  
I will give you five guineas all night with you to lay;  
The drover's wife being gamesome she made him this reply,  
If you will go home with me down on the bed we'll lie.  
Now the bargain being made she went home without delay,  
And he went into an inn to put his horse to hay;  
And he gave the hostler charge for to bed him up right,  
For he was going to an evening's diversion and should  
not be back to night.

Then for to begin the sport the merchant went straightway,  
All for to cuckold the drover and with his wife to lay;  
And when he came there Oh! walk in kind sir she said,  
I have lit the candle ready to light us up to bed.  
They both went up stairs without any more delay,  
All on the drover's ground he began to sport and play.  
She said my dear you are the man that can ease me of my  
pain, [again.

And when the drover is from home I hope you'll  
He said then my dear Oh! I'll come again to thee,  
For to enjoy your sweet charms that so delighted me  
And when I come again my dear I'll bring £ 10, 000  
And you shall leave the drover to travel England round.  
But some how the drover he soon found out the game,  
And the rigs that his wife and the merchant carried on.  
Then he went home as usual but he no notice took,  
But the very next morning he in the closet popp'd.  
And when she thought him gone from home as she did  
suppose,

She went for the merchant and a grand suit of clothes;  
And when the merchant came she thus to him did say,  
I will lie in your arms all night & in the morning will away.  
And they both went up stairs but scarcely into bed were got,  
When out of the closet the drover he did pop,  
He quickly ran up stairs such pranks with them he play'd  
He tore off both shirt and smock & they loud for mercy cry'd  
He bundled them down stairs; and into the street he did  
them pop.

The merchant without his shirt and his wife without a smock  
And they were both stark naked to the people were expos'd  
He was forced to sell his horse for to buy themselves clothes  
So then the drover ran up stairs to search the merchant's  
pocket round,

And there he found a gold watch and £ 10, 000  
I think I have done him fairly for cuckolding of me  
Now I can spend a shilling with a lass upon my knee.

## THE QUEEN OF OTAHEITE.

In Otaheite, I've heard say, a huge fat queen walk'd  
out,  
Her head was like a mourning coach it was so black  
and large, O!  
Her eyes were like two Cocos nuts a brass ring through  
her snout,  
And her name was Pulka Wulka Poki Koki Coakeo  
Barge, O!

She waddled in the woods one day,  
And Pulka poor thing lost her way,  
The sun was in its burning ray,  
So she squatted under a high tree.

Then with fatigue began to pant  
And fell asleep upon a plant,  
Just like a female elephant,  
Was the queen of Otaheite.  
Tang a rang a ting a ring ko, pickee niekee whoo, tahera  
hira hora hoora, punckee wunckee chingko.

As Pulka Wulka lay asleep two monkees from a tree,  
Came down, and roll'd her off the bank into a river  
slap O.

She floated down the stream for miles, I think 'twas  
thirty three,  
Then like dame Amphitrite, she sunk to take a wa-  
tery nap O?

Oh, then the waters bubbled high,  
And one chief Crocumquick row'd by,  
In his canoe and heard her cry,  
So he stopp'd just as he might see,  
What it was moving in the deep,  
He then dived down to have a peep,  
And for some hours went to sleep,  
With the queen of Otaheite.

Tang a rang &c.

Now just before the sun went down chief Crocumquick  
arose,

With Pulka Wulka on his back and swam with her  
ashore O,  
Then carried her to his own hut while she was in a  
doze,  
and soon brought her to life again by rolling her on  
the floor, O!

Then on his mat he took his seat,  
And kiss'd her o'er from head to feet,  
On human heads he bade her eat,  
Says she "me stop with you to nightee."

They gorged away on flesh and figs,  
And play'd a few such rummy rigs,  
Then went to sleep and snored like pigs,  
O, monstrous queen of Otaheite.

Tang a rang, &c.

They liv'd together for some time, till he smelt out his  
doom,

That if they caught him with the queen he'd get a  
nasty knock O!  
So he one day made up his mind to take her to her  
home,

For she had nearly storm'd his hut of all his eatable  
stock O!

He then popp'd her in his canoe,  
And row'd her off to king Quim Roo,  
But he for blood was in the cue,  
He had the blue devils mighty;

The queen's ribs he began to punch,  
Then doubled Crocum in a bunch,  
And car'd him up for his own lunch,  
What a treat in Otaheite.